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Editorial and distribution offices
Eaglemoss Publications Ltd,
7 Cromwell Road, London SW7 2HR

Editor: Jenny Curran

Art Editor: Chantal Newell

Section Editors: Carey Denton, Christine Hatt,
Amanda Maclean, Vanessa Morgan

Deputy Art Editor: Andy Archer

Designer: Jessica Watts

Picture Editor: Barry Pells

Production Controller:
Teresa Magnowska

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THE SPINECHILLER
Collection

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OUR HAUNTED WORLD

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DEAD IN THE WATER



It was a beautiful summer day. Beyond the sheltered waters of the marina, dozens of pleasure boats bobbed up and down on the gentle swells off the coast of Florida. Smiling, Rosie Milton watched them from her perch at the end of one of the docks. She loved boats, and since the marina was a five-minute walk from her house, she spent plenty of time there. Her dad had been in the Navy and had already taught her about tides, currents, navigation, and even how to tie knots. Now she would finally be able to put everything she had learned into practice.

"Hey, Rosie!" someone called.

She turned and saw her friend Teresa, a tall, thin girl with a mane of dark red hair. She was waving from the narrow strip of beach that separated the docks from the tree-lined car park. Rosie waved back as the girl jogged across the sand towards her.



"What are you grinning about?" Teresa asked breathlessly, plopping herself down on the dock next to Rosie.

Rosie's smile widened. "You're not going to believe this," she declared.

"Don't tell me. Andy Ruben has asked you out," said Teresa.

Rosie blushed. Her friend was the only person who knew about her crush on Andy. "No. It's even better," she said. "My parents bought a boat at an auction! It's a cabin cruiser. As soon as we get it all fixed up, we're going to take it out for a couple of weeks to the Bahamas. You know, sleep on board and everything."

Teresa's forehead creased with concern. Even though her dad was a fisherman and she had been brought up near the ocean, she didn't share Rosie's love of boats. "Fix it up? What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing much," Rosie answered. "The man at the auction said it had been abandoned and was probably out at sea for a while before somebody found it. It just needs to be cleaned up, and Dad says the engine needs a little work."

Teresa's mouth dropped open. "Abandoned? Oh, no. You don't mean the *Sea Wind*! Your parents didn't really buy the *Sea Wind*?"

"Yes, that's the one. Why? What's the problem with it?" Rosie said defensively.

"My dad told me all about that boat," she responded. "He was down at the dock when Hank Peters towed it in." Teresa paused and looked around even though there was no one nearby, then lowered her voice to a whisper. "Hank said it was floating in the Triangle... and there was no sign of the crew. All anyone knows is that they were a family out of Port Wiley – the parents and two boys. Nobody knows what happened to them. Hank says the boat is jinxed, that it belongs out there, and so does anything – or anyone – on it."

Rosie rolled her eyes, realising that Teresa was talking about the Bermuda Triangle, a huge patch of open ocean that stretched from Miami to the islands of Puerto Rico and Bermuda. Some people, including Teresa's dad, believed that there was something sinister, maybe even supernatural, going on within it – something that caused an unusually high number of boats and even aeroplanes in the region to mysteriously disappear.

"Oh, come on," Rosie said with a giggle. "You don't really believe all that stuff."

"You shouldn't laugh. What do you think happened to the people who were on

the *Sea Wind*? Where are they?" Teresa's expression turned sombre as she looked out towards the horizon.

High above, a huge bank of cottony clouds sailed across the face of the sun, dimming its light. The ocean dulled to a dreary, leaden grey.

"Maybe they got washed overboard in a storm. Or maybe they..." Rosie's voice drifted off. She hadn't thought about the boat's former crew until now – and she didn't think she wanted to.

She cleared her throat, then continued. "I don't know what happened to them. Maybe they were kidnapped by aliens," she added jokingly, trying to lighten the mood. "If they show up, we'll just have to give the boat back. But the *Sea Wind* is ours now." She smiled again. "Maybe we'll change the name to something a little more cheerful."

"You can't do that," Teresa cautioned. "It's very bad luck to change the name of a boat. Didn't you know that?"

"It's just an old superstition," Rosie moaned, shaking her head. "Come on, Teresa. Get real. It's almost the twenty-first century. There's no place for that kind of mumbo jumbo any more."

"I think there is," Teresa replied, brushing a stray strand of hair from her eyes. "Out there," she gestured seaward, "anything is possible."

Below deck there were a bathroom and a galley and each of the four comfortable bunks had sliding doors. There was plenty of room for her, her parents, and her older sister, Anita, who was home from college for the long summer break. Rosie was glad that Anita was able to join them, even if she was useless when it came to boats.

"Hey, Rosie," she heard her dad's voice calling from up on deck. "Come here. I have a little surprise in store for you."

"I'm on my way, Dad," she called back. Rosie blinked as she stepped on deck into the bright sunlight. Her parents and her sister were standing on the dock admiring something on the back of the boat. When she had arrived this morning, that part of the boat had been mysteriously covered with a large canvas sheet. Now she was about to learn what had been under it. She hopped down and joined her family.

"Look at this," Anita said. Rosie glanced at where her sister pointed, and gasped. Where the name *Sea Wind* had once been printed in dark block letters, it now read *Anita Rose* in an elegant script.

"You changed the name," Rosie murmured, remembering what Teresa had



Two weeks later Rosie sat on her very own bunk on the *Sea Wind*. She thought about Teresa's fears and chuckled to herself. The boat was as cool as she had thought it would be.

told her. She gazed up at her father. "It's great, Dad," she exclaimed hoping to sound pleased.

"I'm glad you like it," her dad remarked. "Now we're all set to leave on our trip first thing in the morning. We'll sleep on board tonight," he announced.



That night Rosie was too excited to sleep. She had practically forgotten all about her friend's superstition about changing the name of the boat. She stretched out on her bunk and listened to her sister's breathing in the lower bunk. Anita could fall asleep no matter what. There were other noises, too. Laughter and faint strains of music drifted from the direction of the disco on the other side of the marina – the side where the fishermen docked their boats.

Rosie wondered about Teresa's father and old Hank Peters, and began to think about what sort of strange or spooky stories the fishermen were swapping tonight.

She yawned, rolled over to face the open door of the cabin – and froze. Somebody was standing in the doorway looking in! Rosie could just about make out the

phantom-like silhouette of a boy. Slowly he raised his hand and beckoned to her. His face and hands took on a weird greenish glow, and she could see that he was smiling banefully. Shivering from fright, she reached over the edge of her bunk, gripped her sister's shoulder, and squeezed.

With a shriek, Anita sat straight up, banging her head on the edge of Rosie's bunk. "What's going on? Who...?"

At that moment, the figure of the boy melted away into the shadows.

A light came on and Rosie's mother appeared in the doorway. "What's going on?" she asked, her anxious tone tinged with irritation.

Anita rubbed the top of her head. "I don't know," she said. "I was asleep and Rosie grabbed me."

"There was someone in here!" Rosie cried out. "I saw him. He was standing right there."

Her mother looked from side to side, then checked the sliding door that led to the deck. "That's not possible, honey," she answered. "The door is locked. You must have just imagined it. Now try and get some sleep. We're leaving first thing in the morning, as soon as it's light."

Rosie closed her eyes, but in her mind she could still see the shadow of the boy. Was it an omen? She shook her head. 'You're starting to sound like Teresa,' she thought, still glad that the course her dad had planned would not take them too far into the waters of the Bermuda Triangle.

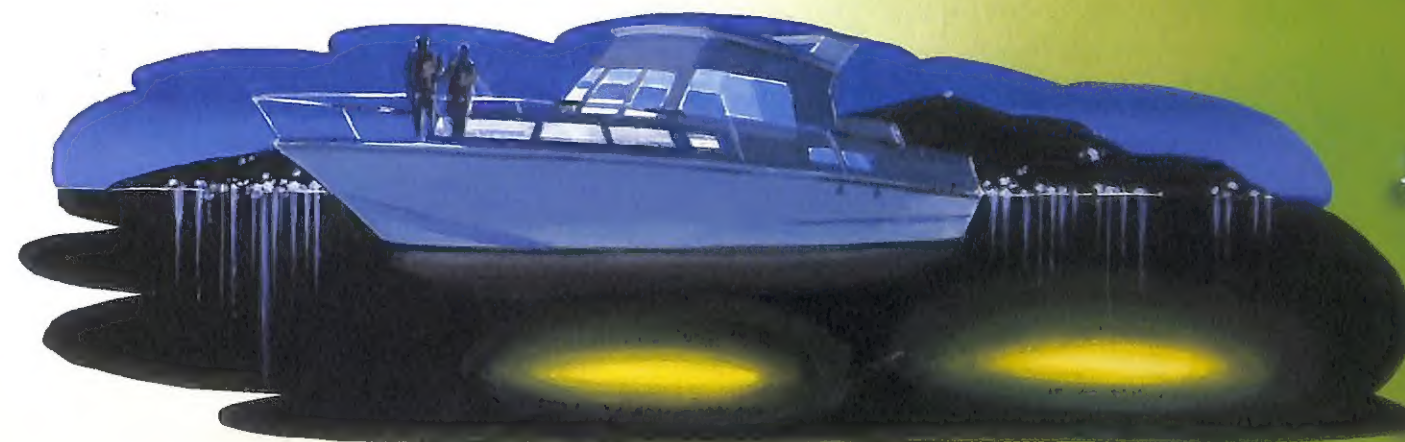
"You could leave a little room for somebody else to move. I'm trying to get dressed," Anita complained as the two girls jostled each other while getting ready the next morning.

"Excuse me, your highness," Rosie snapped back. She slipped into a pair of shorts and a T-shirt and scooted up on deck. It was a beautiful morning.

"Are you ready to cast off?" her dad asked excitedly.

"Ready, Captain," Rosie replied with a salute. The engines roared to life and the *Anita Rose* made her way slowly towards the open ocean. Rosie trembled slightly as she watched the mainland slip farther and farther away.

The following nightfall found them anchored offshore from Grand Bahama Island, and slowly Rosie's nervousness was seeping away. 'There's nothing to be afraid of,' she told herself as she joined her family for a meal on deck under a starry sky. Nearby the twinkling lights of the island reflected on the calm, black water.



"What are those lights over there?" Anita asked, pointing in a direction away from the island.

"I don't know," her dad answered, squinting into the darkness. "I don't think there's land out there. Maybe it's another boat or something."

Rosie joined them at the rails. She followed their gaze and saw a faint greenish glow on the surface of the water a

short distance away. "The light doesn't look like it's on a boat. It looks like it's floating right on the water."

Her mum raised an eyebrow. "That's not possible. It..."

"Look!" Anita interrupted. The light began to expand slightly, and it was joined by another. They both moved very slowly in the direction of the *Anita Rose*, then blinked out.

For a moment everyone was silent. Finally Rosie's dad softly hummed the spooky theme music to an old television programme the girls used to watch. "I can see why there are so many scary stories about this area," he said.

"Well? What was it?" Anita asked.

Her dad shook his head. "I'm sure it was nothing out of the ordinary. For now we'll just have to say it was a UFO – an

underwater floating object," he added with a loud chuckle.

Rosie's mum changed the subject completely. "We'd better get the washing up done and put away. Then you girls can get to bed. We're going to be up very early in the morning."

Although she was very tired, Rosie slept restlessly, tossing and turning in her bunk. The shadowy image of the boy she had

seen – or imagined – on her first night on the boat kept plaguing her dreams. At one point she dreamed that he had grabbed her and was shaking her.

“Rosie! Rosie, wake up!”

Rosie allowed herself to be pulled into a sitting position. She opened her eyes and saw her sister’s face. Anita was terrified.

“What’s the matter, Anita?” Rosie asked in confusion.

“Mum and Dad are missing!” Anita cried out in despair.

“What are you talking about?”

Anita croaked out an answer. “The island is gone. Everything is gone. The anchor must have come loose or something. Something weird is going on.”

Rosie pushed past her sister, checked her parents’ cabin, then raced up on deck. Suddenly all she could see were huge ocean swells under a tumultuous grey sky. The boat rocked perilously on the waves.

“This is really crazy!” Rosie groaned. Suddenly her eyes lit up. “The radio. We can call for help!” Remembering what her father had taught her, she tried to make contact, but there was nothing but static. “Can anyone hear me?” she screamed into the mouthpiece. “Please, we need help!”

Next she tried to start the engine.

“I tried that already,” Anita said. “It’s hopeless. We’re stranded.”



Rosie gripped the rails and gazed down into the sea. An icy rain soaked her to the skin and set her teeth to chattering, but she had to ignore the cold. “There

must be a way to...” She stopped and squinted, staring far out at the churning whitecaps. “Look!” she screamed.

In the distance the greenish lights they had seen the night before appeared from the depths of the choppy sea. The wind howled and waves pounded against the sides of the helpless craft. Suddenly, a bolt of blue-green lightning scissored across the sky followed by a crescendo of thunder... then all became quiet. The rain stopped. The ocean settled to a glassy stillness as a light fog settled on its surface. It was as if the storm had never happened.

Huddled together, Rosie and Anita stared in disbelief as the lights moved closer and closer, finally slipping from view under the hull. The *Anita Rose* began to gleam slightly and came to a dead stop. For a moment the girls simply held on to each other, shivering from fear and cold. Then Rosie felt a scream rise in her own throat as a slim, bony hand gripped the rail and something pulled itself up from the sea and on to the deck. It was the phantom boy of her nightmare. He smelled of salt and putrid flesh, and there was seaweed tangled in his hair.

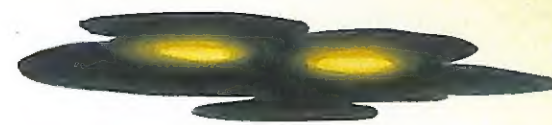
“It is time,” he rasped, reaching for her. Her breath caught in her throat as the hideous boy gripped her wrist with his icy fingers. “You have reached the end of your journey. You must come with me now.”

“No!” Rosie bellowed. She twisted around only to see her sister in the grip of another, older boy. He, too, seemed to be something that belonged at the bottom of the sea. From the corner of her eye she saw that other grotesque beings

with pale, sagging flesh were dragging themselves up over the railings.

Rosie turned back and gasped in horror. Her mother and father stood before her. Their skin was pale and shrivelled and their eyes were clouded over.

“It’s no use,” the boy whispered mournfully. “There is only one destination for those who travel on the *Sea Wind*.” Slowly he tugged the struggling girl towards the waiting sea.



he young sailor turned the key and the engine started up immediately, then faltered and stopped altogether.

“There doesn’t seem to be too much wrong with it,” he informed an older man

who was leaning against the rail. “I think we could get it fixed. With a little work she could be ship-shape and ready to go again.”

“There’s nobody on board,” another young man reported as he climbed up from below deck.

The older man shook his head. “Well,” he said finally, “I suppose we’d better get back to the ship and throw a towline on her. Looks like she could have been out here for a while.”

“What do you think happened to the crew, Captain?” the young sailor asked his colleague reluctantly.

The older man glanced out over the open sea. “I don’t know.” He paused. “And I’m not sure I want to know.”

THE END



OUR HAUNTED WORLD

Legend has it that Malaysia is seething with vile, blood-sucking beings...



HILL OF DEMONS

The Malaysians believe a hill called Changkat Asah, in the Malaya rainforests (below), is home to every kind of shape-changing spirit, evil demon and blood-sucking penanggal (right). At the summit are massive rocks which are said to take shape only at night, becoming a 'spirit room'. Anyone unwise enough to spend the night on the hill is likely to be raving mad by morning!

Sir George Maxwell, who lived in the area in 1895, said that he once saw over 100 fireballs that hovered on the hill or zoomed past him at frightening speeds. Because Sir George knew about ball lightning, he wasn't as terrified as the locals. But whatever the truth of Changkat Asah, you won't find anyone volunteering to spend the night there!



THE DEATH'S HEAD

One of the most feared spirits in Malaysia is the penanggal. This creature is said to form when a woman dies during childbirth. Malaysians believe that her head breaks free from the grave during the night. The penanggal then streaks across the darkened countryside like a flame-coloured fireball (left). The penanggal can only exist at night, during which time she drains the life from her victims. It is thought that if the life-threatening spirit fails to return to her grave by daybreak, she dies – just as a vampire would.

HOLE TRUTH

Near Melaka, next to the 1467 grave of Sheik Ahmad Majnun, there are three very strange stones. They are called the sword, the spoon and the rudder and they stand about 2m high. In front of the grave is another stone with a circular hole through it. If a liar puts his arm through this hole, it is said that the stone will tighten up around his arm! The history of the four stones is unknown, but they are thought to be centuries older than the grave they overshadow.



THE VANISHING TYCOON

In 1967, Jim Thompson – an American millionaire who worked in the Thai silk industry – took a holiday in the Cameron Highlands. On March 26, he went out for a stroll before dinner and was never seen again. Many searches were made but no trace of the man was ever found. The mysterious disappearance of this happy, successful man has never been solved.

JUMBO JETS!

A friend told me a tale about big trouble in paradise...

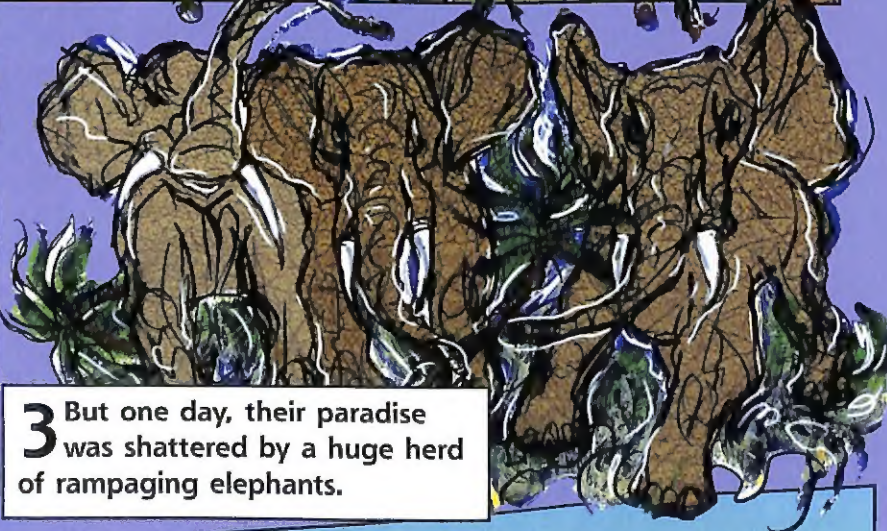
1 The locals who lived in this tropical paradise thought they had it made.



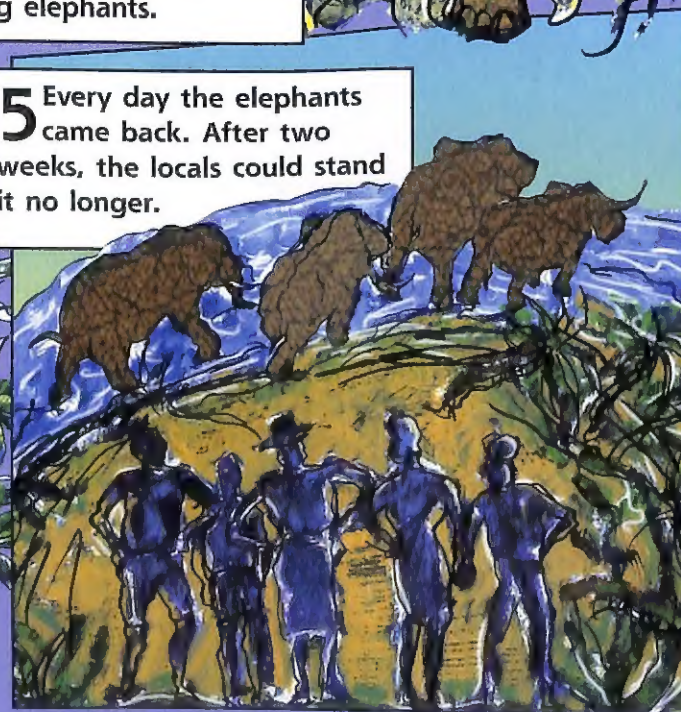
2 If ever they wanted fresh fruit, they picked something straight off the tree. And if they fancied bathing, they were just a stone's throw from the river.



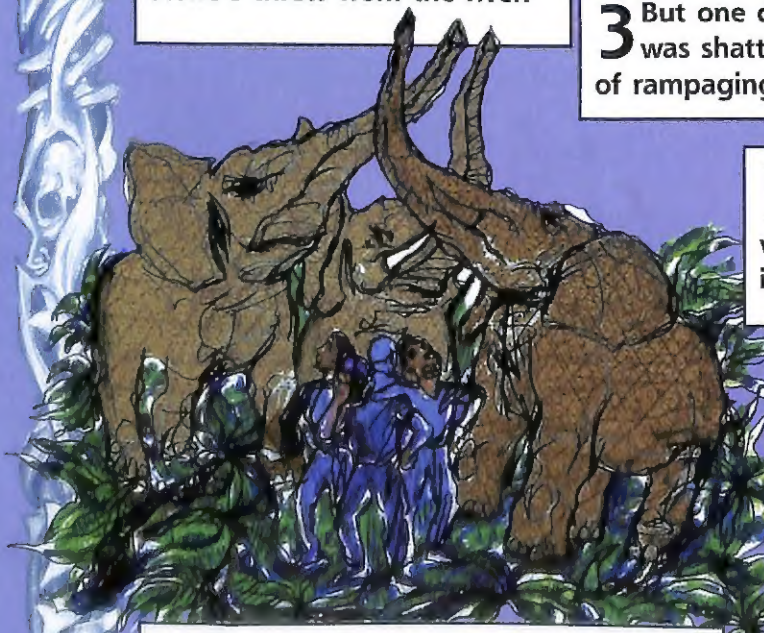
3 But one day, their paradise was shattered by a huge herd of rampaging elephants.



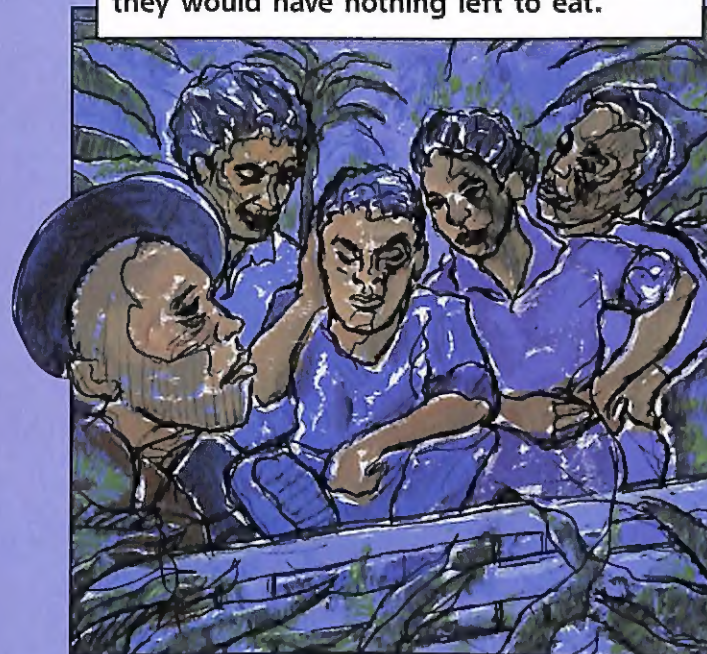
5 Every day the elephants came back. After two weeks, the locals could stand it no longer.



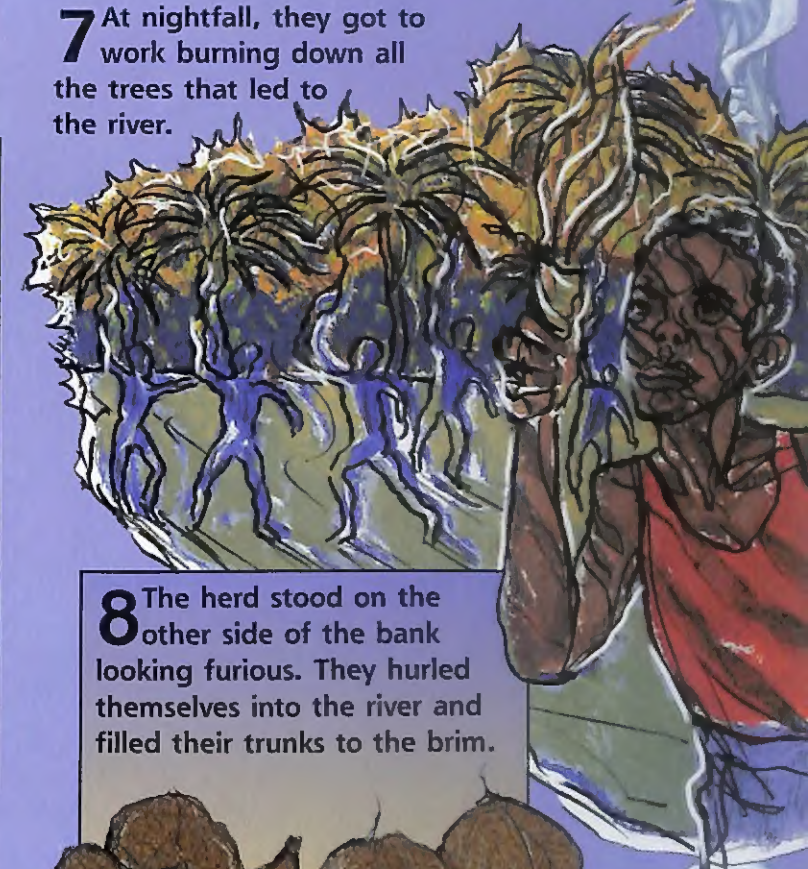
4 The animals tore down trees, stole all the fruit, then made off back to their territory – on the other side of the river.



6 They agreed that the only way to stop the daily rampage was to set the elephants' trail to the village on fire – so they would have nothing left to eat.



7 At nightfall, they got to work burning down all the trees that led to the river.



8 The herd stood on the other side of the bank looking furious. They hurled themselves into the river and filled their trunks to the brim.



9 Then, just like real firefighters, they set about dousing the flames with the water in their trunks until the fire was out.



10 Villagers were gob-smacked. They had just arrived back home – after taking the long way round to by-pass the flames – when the elephants came trumpeting through their village once more!





HAMPTON COURT GHOSTS

Special Investigation File: 53

Subject: the many ghosts that haunt a royal palace

Place: Hampton Court, London

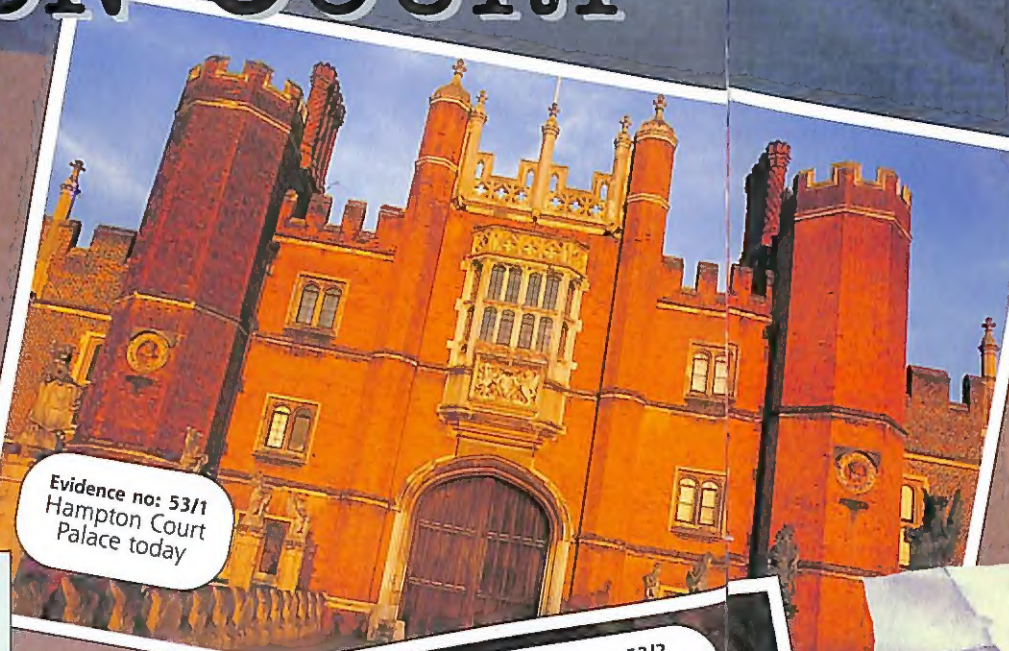
SpineChiller creates a file

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

Cardinal Thomas Wolsey was the chief minister of English king Henry VIII. From 1514 to 1520, he constructed a palace for himself on the outskirts of London called Hampton Court. But shortly after the building was completed, he presented it to Henry.

Henry VIII remained at Hampton Court for many years after Wolsey's death in 1530. Five of his wives lived there with him. Later residents included King Edward VI, Henry's son, and architect Christopher Wren, who renovated the building. In 1838, Queen Victoria opened the palace to the public. Visitors have since sighted many ghosts in its rooms and grounds.

Evidence no: 53/1
Hampton Court
Palace today



Evidence no: 53/2
King Henry VIII and
Cardinal Wolsey



SPOOKY SPOUSES

It's far too late to see any of King Henry VIII's wives in the flesh at Hampton Court Palace. But tourists may care to look out for their ghosts. Here are the details:

1 Anne Boleyn

Anne was Henry's second wife. She gave birth to the future Queen Elizabeth I, but did not provide Henry with a son. So he accused her of treason and had her executed. She roams Hampton Court in a blue dress.

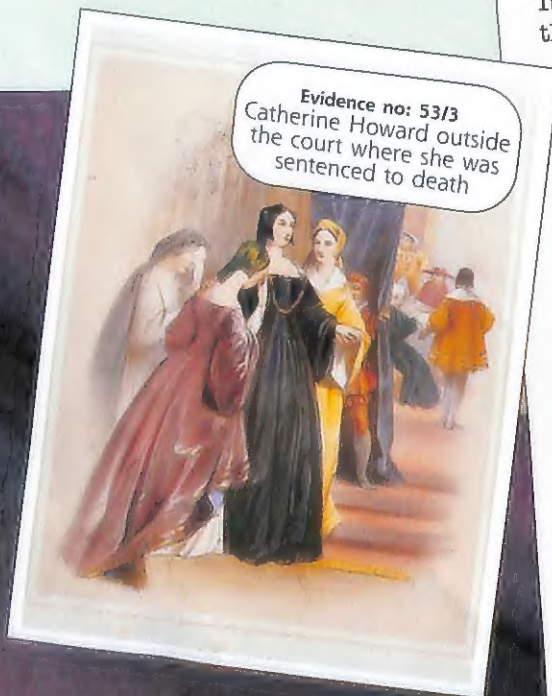
2 Jane Seymour

Jane was wife number three. She gave birth to the future King Edward VI, but died 12 days later. Now her ghost, dressed in white and holding a candle, wanders her Hampton Court rooms. She is most likely to appear around the date of Edward's birthday, October 12.

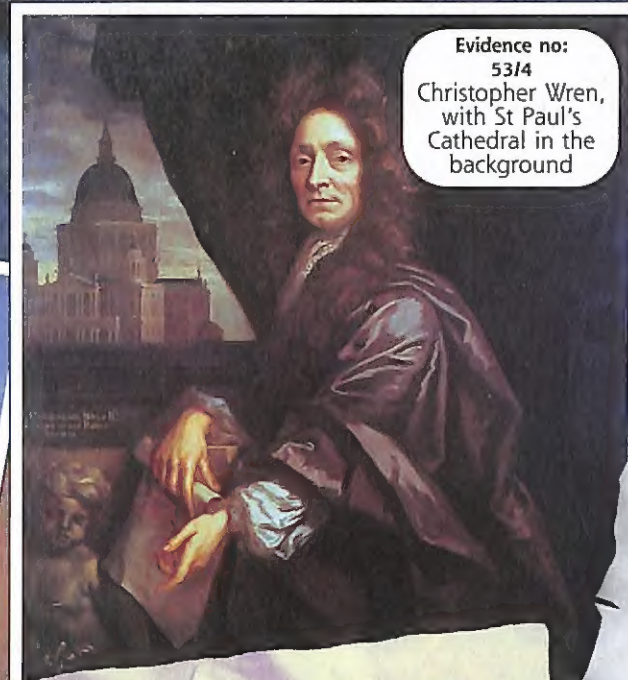
3 Catherine Howard

Henry locked his fifth wife in Hampton Court for having relationships with other men. She escaped and ran to ask the king to spare her life, but guards dragged her back, screaming. Catherine was eventually beheaded. She is now often seen and heard in the corridor along which she ran. It is known as the Haunted Gallery.

Evidence no: 53/3
Catherine Howard outside
the court where she was
sentenced to death



Evidence no:
53/4
Christopher Wren,
with St Paul's
Cathedral in the
background



May 12, 1998

Dear Mr Farthingale

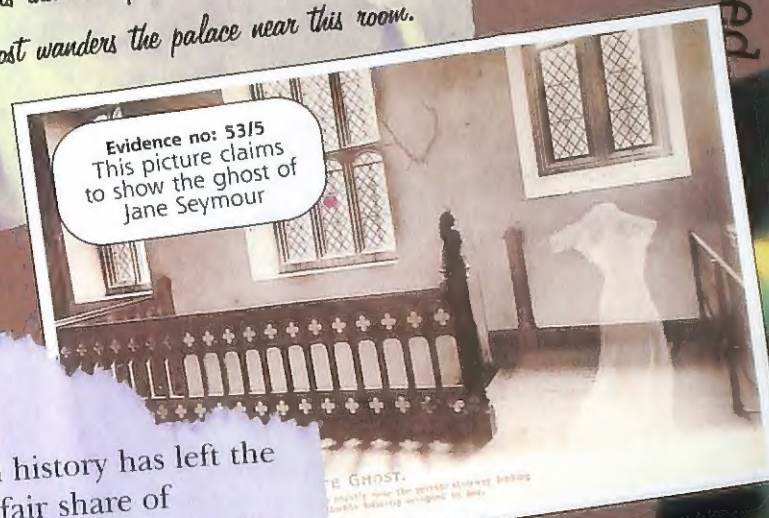
Here are the facts you wanted about Sibell Penn:

She was nurse to Edward VI, Henry VIII's son, and lived in Hampton Court Palace. In 1568, she died and was buried in St Mary's Church nearby. When lightning destroyed the church in 1829, her remains were moved to a new church built on the site.

Later, a woman living in Hampton Court heard noises behind a wall and a secret room was found. Inside were objects that had probably belonged to Sibell. Her ghost wanders the palace near this room.

Yours sincerely
Enid Briggs

Evidence no: 53/5
This picture claims
to show the ghost of
Jane Seymour



CONCLUSION

Hampton Court's eventful history has left the palace with more than its fair share of phantoms – real or imaginary. But no one has seen them all at once, and no one knows if King Henry VIII's three ghostly wives gossip together about their husband.

ISSUE 25, 1997

WREN ON
THE RUN

This week's article in our 'Famous Ghosts' series looks at English architect Sir Christopher Wren.

Sir Christopher Wren is remembered above all for designing St Paul's Cathedral and 52 London churches after fire destroyed much of the city in 1666. But he organised renovation work at Hampton Court Palace, too. While work was in progress, Wren lived in the Old Court House at the palace. There, on February 26, 1723, he died.

Now many people claim that Sir Christopher still roams Hampton Court. Year after year on February 26, witnesses hear ghostly footsteps in the palace and assume that they are Wren's because of the date. If they are, he must still be a busy man – he is often running up and down stairs at full pelt.

Unexplained

CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 2

Dracula

Retold from a story by Bram Stoker

Locked away in Castle Dracula, I now feared for my life. I vowed not to let the Count see my terror, and to do everything I could to leave this evil place.

I waited until the afternoon before building up the courage to break into one of the castle's locked rooms. When I had done so, I found that it had a pleasant atmosphere at odds with the rest of this foul place. I fingered the cross still hanging around my neck. It made me feel calm and I explored further. I found nothing to aid my escape, but decided to linger in the room. I updated this diary and, feeling drowsy, lay back on a silk-cushioned couch.

When I awoke it was night and I was not alone. Three young women of the greatest

beauty were standing over me. Their teeth were a brilliant white and their full lips a vibrant red. I was mesmerised. The women whispered together, then started to laugh. The sounds of their mirth were like sweet music hanging in the midnight air. One of the three moved nearer. "He is young and strong," she said to the others. "There are kisses for all of us."

I was entranced by the loveliness of the woman who had spoken. But as she loomed closer, I saw that two of her teeth were fangs that curved down from her lips. They were aimed at my throat. Her breath stank of blood and her eyes flashed with a crimson brilliance. Suddenly she was pulled away and the Count stood in front of me.

"How dare you touch him," he roared, "This man is mine."

"There is plenty for everyone, for you and for us," one of the three females protested. But the Count ushered the women away and pursed his lips into an expression more like a grimace than a smile before closing my door.

I barely slept for the rest of the night. My mind was racing and my stomach was churning, as I had at last realised the terrible truth about the

three women. Their strange teeth, their dreadful breath, the fact that they appeared only at night all pointed to one conclusion. All three were fiendish vampires. Worse, so was Count Dracula.

The next evening, the Count watched me dine as usual. I knew that he had no servants, so must have prepared my meal himself. I did not feel hungry and pushed the food away. Who could tell what devilish dinner lay on my plate?

"Write a letter to Mr Hawkins, your boss," the Count insisted. "And make sure you do so in a regular, readable manner."

I was puzzled by Dracula's words until he produced my shorthand note to Mina, my bride-to-be. It had obviously never reached its destination.

"I do not care for this evil-looking writing, Mr Harker," he said, and threw the note into the fire. "Tell Mr Hawkins that you are well and are leaving the castle. Date your letter yesterday."

I nodded in agreement, but inside I felt my heart tear in two. I was doomed. If I stayed in the castle, I could not hope to escape death.

The next night, too, I lay awake trembling with fear. At one point, I heard the sound of voices just outside my door. It was the three female vampires crying out for me and Count Dracula's harsh tones saying that I would be theirs once he had left the next day. The news overwhelmed me. The Count was leaving me so that those female fiends could drink my blood.

As soon as dawn broke and I knew that all the vampires were at rest, I started to search feverishly for a way out. There had to be a key to the front door somewhere in this dreadful castle. The

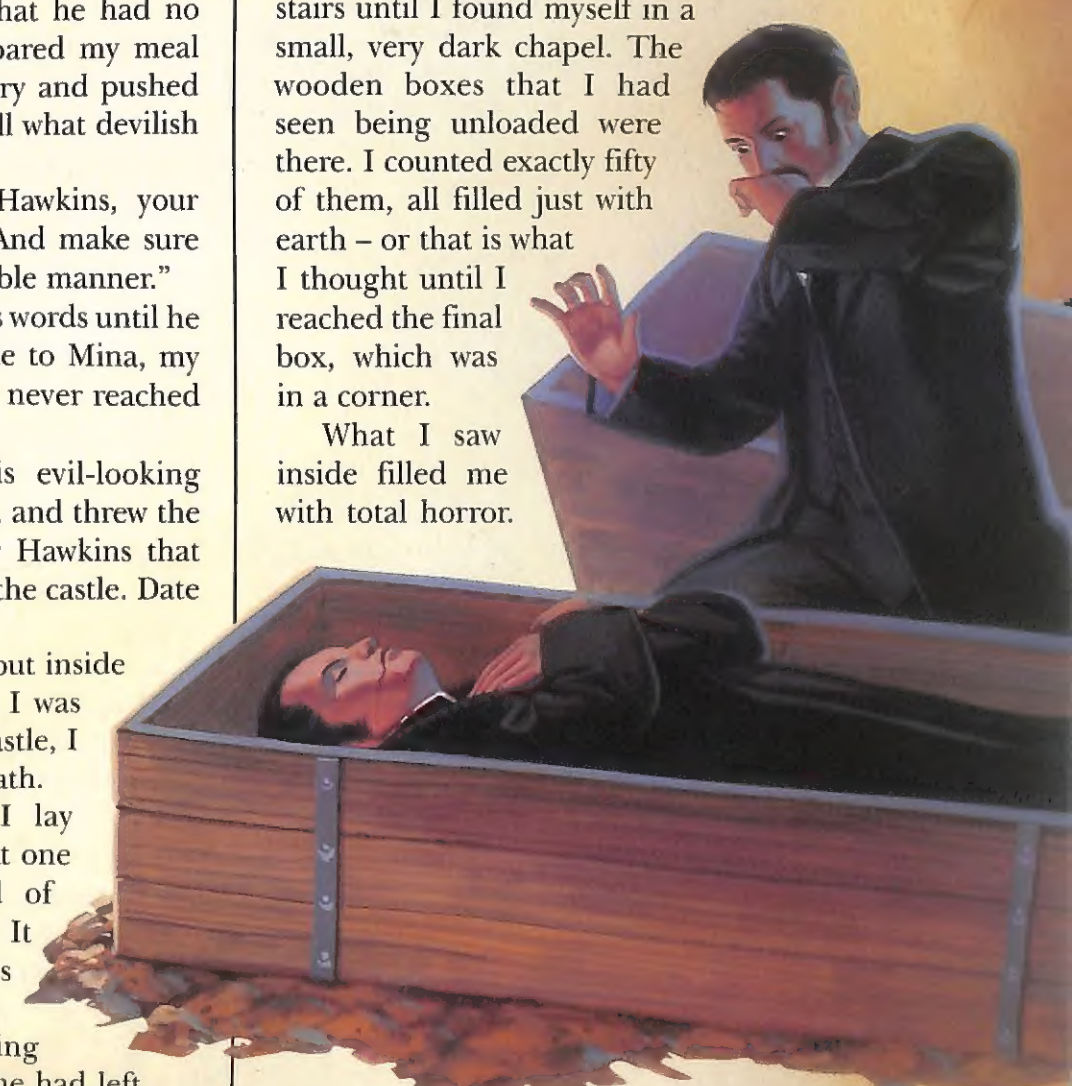
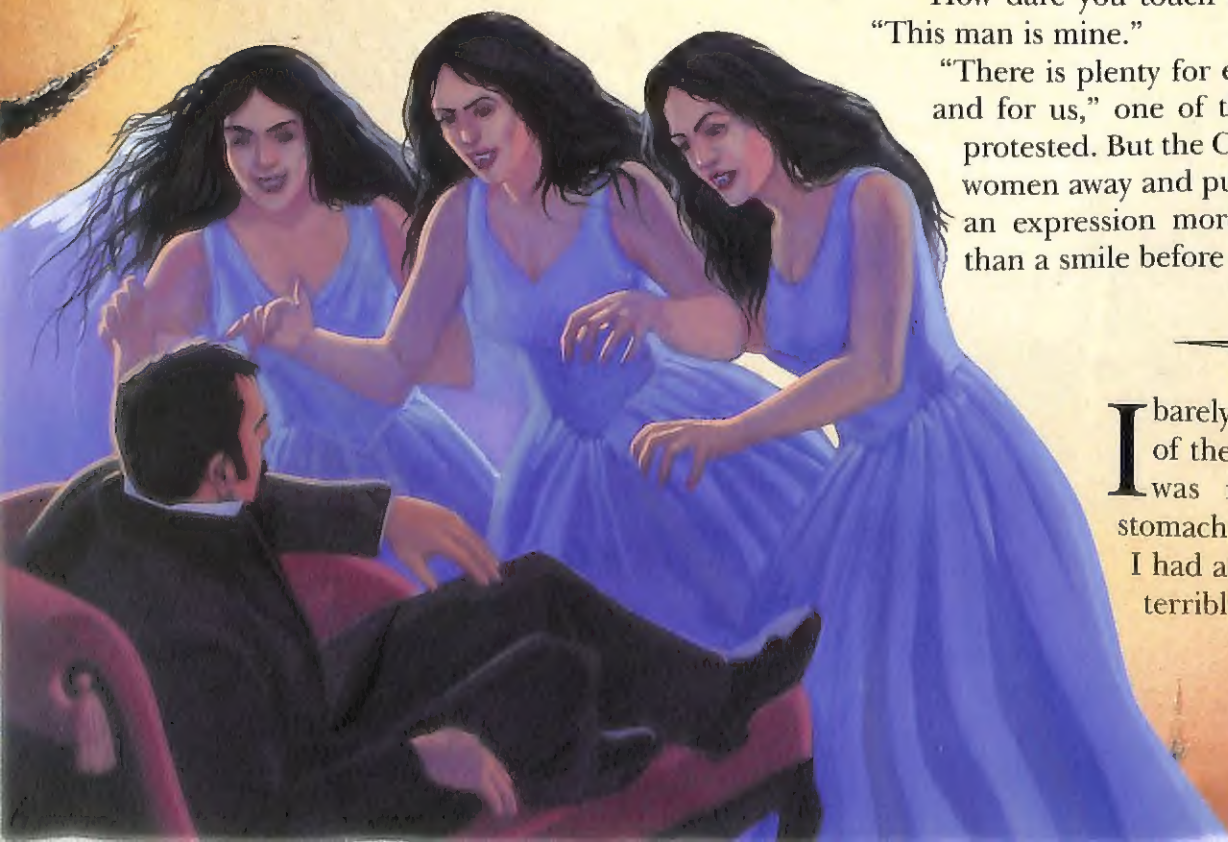
more I searched and found nothing, the more agitated I became, until I was rushing around like a madman.

I suddenly came across a narrow door that led down into the depths of the castle foundations. I half ran, half fell down the stairs until I found myself in a small, very dark chapel. The wooden boxes that I had seen being unloaded were there. I counted exactly fifty of them, all filled just with earth – or that is what I thought until I reached the final box, which was in a corner.

What I saw inside filled me with total horror.

Dracula lay on the earth, deep in sleep. His face was no longer old and pale. He looked thirty or more years younger. Blood ran from the corners of his mouth down his neck and on to his clothes. His appearance was of a wild animal fresh from killing its prey. The foul stench of raw flesh was overpowering and I backed away. Yet as I did so, I saw Dracula's face change so that his expression was one of complete and utter hatred. I had never seen such evil

Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.



before and knew I must do all that was in my power to rid the world of it.

I groped for a stone and prepared to hit the Count with it, but found myself quite unable to do so. I felt powerless against this supernatural creature. Then I heard horses arriving and quickly fled back upstairs.

I am writing these words back in my room. Below, I can hear the sounds of workmen collecting up the long wooden

boxes on their horse-drawn carts. I know now that the boxes are coffins and are bound for a distant sea port. I suspect that the coffin holding Dracula is among them.

I am alone and trapped here. I am sure that those female vampires will strike tonight. I plan to try to scale the walls of the castle after the workmen have left. I would rather fall to my death on the rocks than have those monsters drink my body dry. I will take this diary with me so that if I perish, someone may learn of the terrible secrets that lie in Castle Dracula. I just hope that I'll see my sweet Mina again.

Mina Harker's Story

I missed Jonathan so much while he was away, especially as the weeks turned into months. Only my friend Lucy Westenra was able to comfort me and ease my great worries. I stayed for a while with her family on the east coast near Whitby in Yorkshire, where we were occasionally joined by a dashing young doctor called John Seward.

During my stay, Lucy returned to her childhood habit of sleepwalking. I found her wandering around the house a dozen times. Then one night when there was a great storm, I could not find her at all. I roamed the clifftops searching for her, fearing the worst. When, in the full moon's light, I spotted a small figure sitting in the ruined abbey, I was relieved. Then I saw a dark shadow fall over her. I looked up at the moon – no clouds had obscured it. I looked again and called to Lucy. As I did so, the shadow moved and I thought that I saw two small shafts of light.

By the time I had reached Lucy, the shadow had gone. But she was still completely in her trance. To warm her, I pinned my shawl around her shoulders. But I must have caught her not once but twice with the brooch pin, for her throat was

pierced and several tiny drops of blood stood out on the fair skin of her neck.

I led Lucy back to bed and thought that would be the end of the matter. But the very next day, she fell ill. I read in the newspaper that the storm had caused a shipwreck. There were no survivors, but some long wooden boxes had been picked up from the wreckage. Later, these strange boxes had mysteriously disappeared.

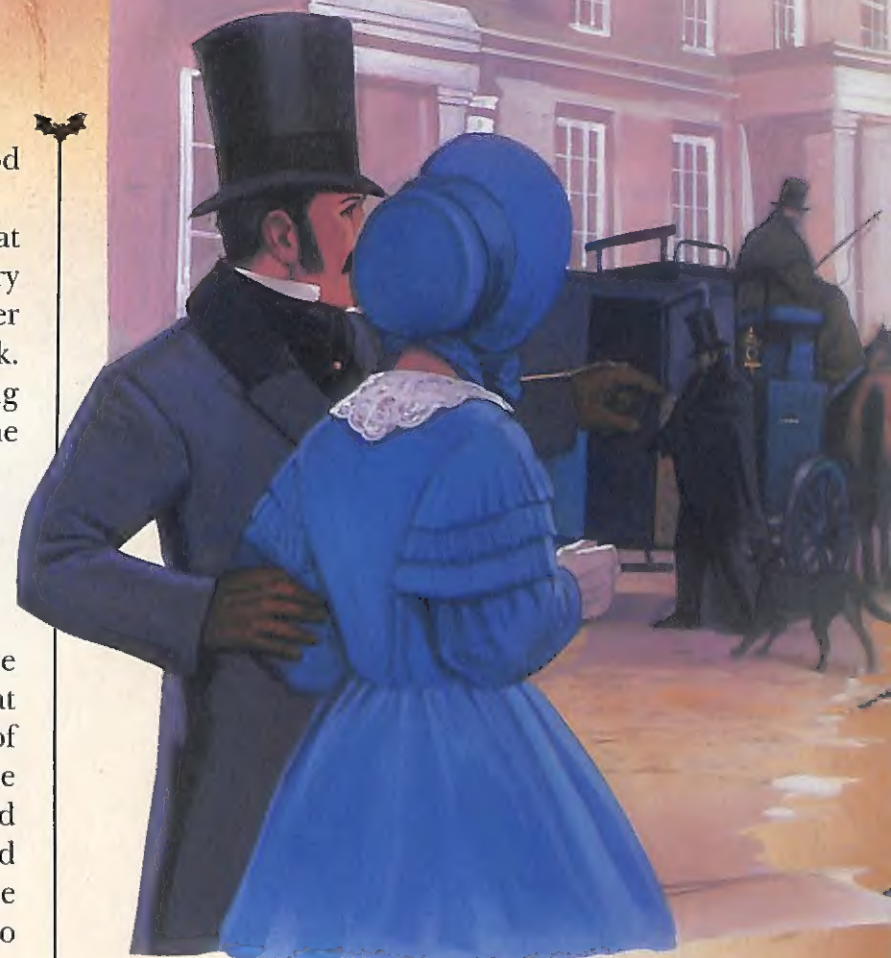
Lucy's illness continued. Every day she stayed in bed, but at night she would not sit still, let alone lie down. On the third night, I found her outside in the garden. As I walked over to her, I saw what looked like a giant black bird flutter out of sight. Lucy's exertions had re-opened the tiny wounds on her neck. Blood trickled down on to her nightgown and she had grown paler and weaker than before. The next morning, I asked Dr Seward to come to the house to see if he could help her.

Dr Seward arrived and promised that he would attend to Lucy. I had to bid her a fond farewell because I had just received a worrying letter. It told me that Jonathan was in Budapest and very sick. He had left Castle Dracula and had been found some time later suffering from a terrible fever. I took the first train to be by his bedside. There, over a number of weeks, I helped nurse him back to health.

Jonathan refused to talk about his time at Castle Dracula. But he grew stronger and soon he was well enough for us to return to England. We married on September 1. As we made our way home through central London, I felt Jonathan's hand clutch my arm tightly. I looked up at him and saw that he had turned a ghostly grey. Sweat had broken out on his forehead.

• "Oh, my God. It's him!" he cried.

I followed Jonathan's terrified gaze



across the street. He was looking at a tall, thin, well-dressed man, who was stepping into a horse-drawn carriage.

"Who, Jonathan? Who is it?" I asked.

"Count Dracula," Jonathan replied. His voice was full of fear.

WORD POWER

at odds with – completely different from

mesmerised – in a trance-like state;
spellbound

mirth – laughter; merriment

ushered – led; conducted

agitated – disturbed; unsettled

scale – climb

obscured – hidden; covered

exertions – activities; efforts



LUCKY CHARMS

Any object that a person believes will protect him or her from illnesses, disasters, ghosts, or evil spirits can be called a lucky charm. Other names for lucky charms are amulets or talismans – and they have been around for as long as humans.

Ancient people were very superstitious and found it hard to find a logical explanation for their bad luck. Whenever something terrible happened, or they became ill, many believed that evil magic or angry gods were at work, plotting against them. Amulets were worn in the belief that they would not only protect, but would bring people special good luck.

WHAT LUCK?

How did ancient people pick their lucky charms way back then? The first charms were taken from nature. A green stone was worn for fertility. The horns, teeth or claws of a hunting



▲ **LUCK AFTER DEATH**
The ankh, an Ancient Egyptian amulet designed to bring everlasting life, is held in the right hand of the jackal-headed god on the right of the picture.

animal were worn to bring the strength and luck of the animal to the wearer. Even today, some hunters in the Alps wear feathers in their caps to give them the sharp eyesight of a bird of prey. People believed the power they received from these first lucky charms was granted by the gods or by nature.



▲ **WOLF POWER**
A Native American story illustration showing a witch in a wolf headdress overtaking a real wolf.



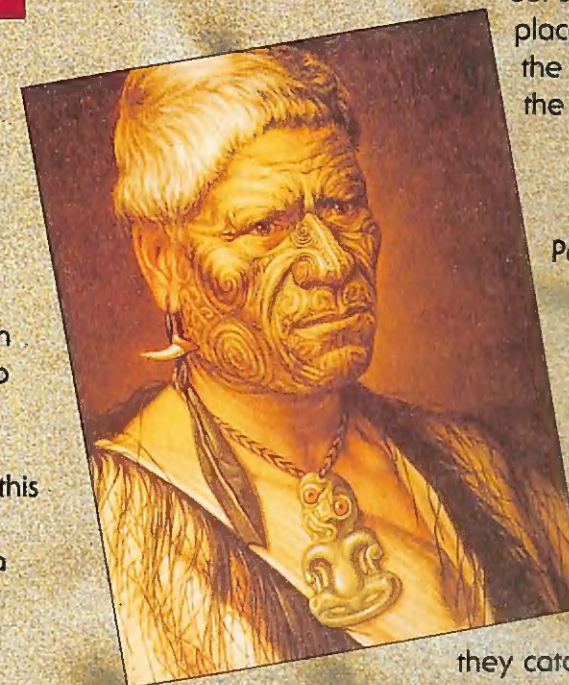
▲ **CHARM NECKLACE**
A necklace of crocodile teeth on magical thread is said to protect the wearer from crocodile attacks.

Sometimes a lucky charm was awarded to people who survived a particularly nasty experience. In the Middle Ages, if anyone suffered from bad headaches, one remedy was to make a hole in their skull – to drain the bad spirits out! This was called trepanning and, if patients survived this painful ordeal, they were given the largest bit of skull bone to wear as a lucky charm!

DO-IT-YOURSELF

A long time ago, people began to make charms using names of gods, planets or shapes that they believed had special powers. Charms had to be made on the right day. Monday, ruled by the Moon, or Friday, ruled by Venus, were designated for making love charms. People believed that the ritual surrounding the creation of charms gave them special powers.

LUCK THAT LASTS
Lucky charms come from all over the world. You may recognise some of the shapes: the ankh, for instance, is one of Ancient Egypt's oldest amulets and represents everlasting life. It remains a popular jewellery accessory today. Most charms are carried on the person, but sometimes they should be placed in a significant area of the home. Above, or beside, the front door is meant to be a lucky place.



▲ **STAR GAZING**
A 'Hei Tiki' worn by a New Zealand Maori. Tiki charms come in different forms depending on the kind of luck you're after. The 'true love' Tiki represents eternal union and love. To keep on the right side of the Tiki, you must rub the charm to pay it your respects.

WATERY CHARMS
Perhaps because being at sea is so dangerous, lucky charms are often painted on ships. Sailors also believe in many other types of charm. Scottish fishermen believe it's lucky to pull up a right-foot wellington boot in the nets. If they catch one, it is nailed to the mast in the belief it will bring bumper fish catches and fair weather. French fishermen try to improve their chances in another way. An old bottle of brandy is hidden beneath the deck for luck. In Turkey, garlic on board serves the same purpose. But whatever the charm, it's the believing in it that counts. Think positive and good things may happen. Get Lucky!



YIN AND YANG

The ancient Chinese symbol for wholeness and balance. Yin is female, receptive, dark, hidden, soft and watery, while yang is masculine, dynamic, light, open, hard and dry.

DOUBLE-HEADED AXE

The double-headed axe represents one of the gods of the sky. Wearing this talisman, protects against thunder and lightning.

SCARAB BEETLE

This beetle represents the Egyptian god of creation, as well as being a symbol of resurrection and eternal life. It is worn to give the strength of the god to the wearer. In Egyptian times, it was stitched into mummy wrappings of the dead.



SNAKE BRACELET

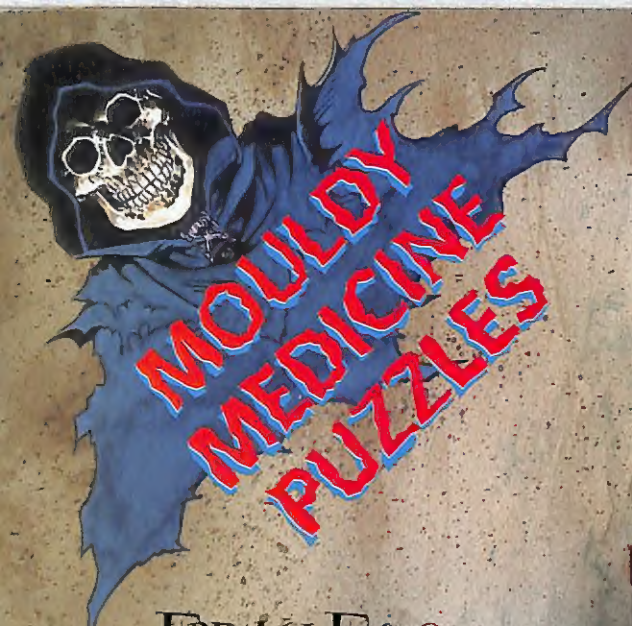
The snake charm represents wisdom, eternity and creative energy. It is linked with immortality and regaining youth, perhaps because the snake sheds its skin each year.

HAND AMULET

The hand symbol is believed to be a powerful blocking charm against the 'evil eye', the hate-filled look of an enemy that is believed to cause harm. The hand charm is designed to draw the look to itself and so protect the wearer.

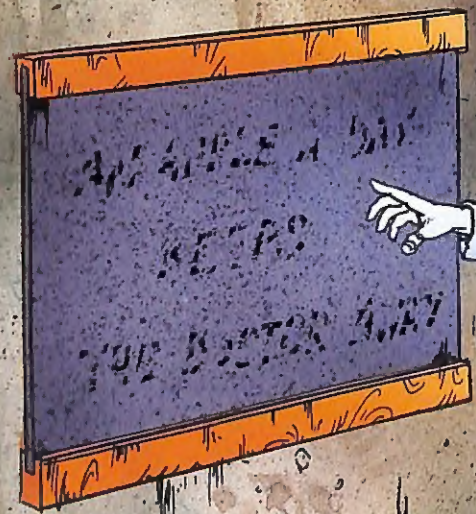
EYE OF HORUS

An Ancient Egyptian charm – designed to promote health and happiness. Legend has it that the god Horus had his eye restored after he lost it in a fight against evil.



PRESCRIPTION PUZZLE

This spooky specialist is telling people how not to become one of his patients. Can you read the letters to find the 'fruity' prescription?

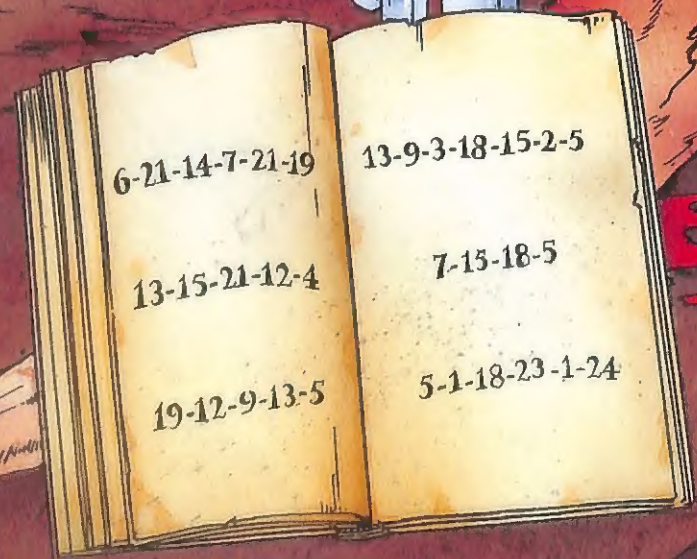


FREAKY FACTS

A Victorian doctor, Dr Meyers, killed off quite a few of his patients with his 'cures'. One of his inventions was the 'tapeworm trap'. This was made up of a strong spring trap-door and a small metal cylinder. Food was put into the cylinder as 'bait'. The patient was starved for a few days to make sure the tapeworms lurking inside him or her would be hungry. A string was tied to the cylinder and the patient then swallowed it. The theory was that the starving tapeworm would stick its head into the cylinder to get at the food, and the trap would spring down, pinning the tapeworm inside the cylinder. It would then be hauled back up the patient's throat. This wonderful invention was never tested fully as the patients choked to death while trying to swallow it.

LOTIONS AND POTIONS

This spooky specialist has listed the ingredients to a new medicine on his note pad. Each number represents a letter. If 21 = U and 13 = M, what are the ingredients?



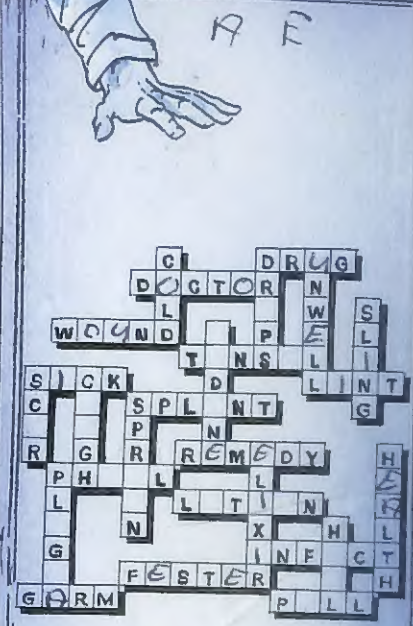
JAR JUMBLES

The specialists store all sorts of body parts and other strange items in their weird workshop. Unfortunately the labels on the storage jars are in a jumble. Can you sort out the letters to make the names of three animal body parts and a kind of 'body cream' that means hard work?



GRISLY GRID

Can you put vowels into the grid to complete words connected with medicine?



FANTASTIC FACTS

An old cure for bed-wetting was to eat three roasted mice.



FANTASTIC FACTS

When Margaret Godolphin of Whitehall became ill with blood poisoning in 1768, her doctor tied pigeons to her feet and gave her a spoonful of liquid gold. She died instantly!

FANTASTIC FACTS

The body of a man hanged for a crime was sent to the Surgeons' Hall, London, to be dissected. But the doctors there found him still alive and saved him. In gratitude he gave them a decorated screen, which is still on display.

FIND THE PHRASE

Reading round every other letter on the chart, can you spell out a well-known phrase about medicine? First of all you have to decide where to start.

STONY SECRETS

The medicine didn't work for these three unlucky patients. Use the inscriptions on their gravestones (right) to work out what they died from.

ANSWERS

PRESCRIPTION PUZZLE: An apple a day keeps the doctor away.
LOTIONS AND POTIONS: 6-21-14-7-21-49 = RUGUS; 13-15-21-12-4 = MOUND;
19-12-9-10-5 = SUKE; 10-9-0-18-15-2-5 = MUCOSE; 7-15-10-5 = GORE;
5-18-23-1-24 = EARWAX (each number corresponds with the letters of the alphabet).
JAB JUMBLE: Cat's eyes; rood tongue; dog hairs;
elbow grease.
GRISLY GRID: see grid on the right.
FIND THE PHRASE: Here's a taste of your own medicine.
STONY SECRETS: Ambrose Brown; heart attack.
Elizabeth Jenkins; yellow fever; Josiah Smythe.
brain tumour.

